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R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John Post, No. 86, Department of Nebraska, will meet the first and third evenings of each month in Masonic hall.
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HOON VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
 C. L. BRIGHT, Sec.

FIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M. Meets on first and third Thursday of each month in Masonic hall.
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OP P.—HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers invited.
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 Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

EN LODGE NO. 41, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH. Meets every 1st and 3rd of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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FIELD LODGE, NO. 95, F. & A. M. Regular communications Thursday nights before the full of the moon.
 D. B. BENS, Sec. E. H. BENEDICT, W. M.

L-CAMP NO. 1710, M. W. O. F. A. Meets on the first and third Tuesday in month in the Masonic hall.
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O. U. W. NO. 153. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.
 T. V. GOLDEN, M. W.

DEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA. Meet every first and third of each month.
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SUPERSTITIOUS RAILROADERS.
 The Effect Which Accidents Have Upon Engineers and Firemen.

Of the superstition of sailors, fishermen and others we have all heard, but that such a distinguishing characteristic should have attached itself to railway men does not appear to be generally known. It savors somewhat of the anomalous that such a pre-eminently practical class of men should be the victims of credulity regarding the supernatural; such, however is the case.

I recently had occasion to interview a prominent railway official, and in the course of the conversation that ensued that gentleman incidentally alluded to two collisions which had lately occurred in the neighborhood, following up his remarks with the announcement that the local men would be in a state of subdued excitement and "furry" till a third mishap took place. Such is the superstition of the railway man.

Upon expressing considerable astonishment I was assured that this kind of thing was notorious among railroad men in general, and in this particular instance it was known that the circumstances of the two previous accidents were the chief topics among the workmen in all departments, who were also counting on the possibilities of a third disaster.

Curiously enough, a touch of realism was lent to the information just imparted by the explanation that the second of the two collisions referred to was due to the driver of one of the engines, a reliable servant, noted for his alertness and precision, with an honorable record of some forty years' service, who being, it was believed, so disturbed over the "omens" of the first occurrence and so engrossed with what he felt would be two other catastrophes, that he committed the slight error of judgment which caused his locomotive to crash into another coming in an opposite direction. The statement is given as the conviction of one who has spent upward of a quarter of a century among railway men of all classes, and who has known the driver alluded to for a long period of years. So came about a second collision. Surely superstition could go no further than this.

But here is a tragic sequel—a sequel which, unfortunately, will in all probability do much to strengthen the reprehensible beliefs of these men. Two days after the interview above mentioned, within fifteen minutes' drive from the scene of the second collision, an express mail failed to take the points, a portion of the train with the tender of the engine was violently thrown across the rails and one poor stoker killed. This is what the railway men will term the "third mishap." "There's the third," they say; and now perhaps they will breathe freely for a season.

A Queer Electric Clock.
 T. F. Hudson, a convict in the Maryland penitentiary, has constructed a real horological oddity in the shape of an electric clock. The dial is a semicircle of white marble with twelve marked at each corner, the other numerals for the hours being figured along the arc. It has one hour hand and two minute hands, the last two set opposite to each other, and in such a manner that one is seen at noon and the other at midnight, and at no other time. The seconds are marked on a dial that turns from right to left, while the pointer or second hand is stationary. Hudson is a born genius, and nearly every room in the prison is adorned with a specimen of his ingenuity.

What Will the Cook Do?
 Specialists on throat diseases are beginning to take unusual interest in culinary methods. They advise a kitchen quarantine on wash days and boiled dinner days, giving as a reason that the steam from boiling clothes and pickled meats that require much heat produces many illnesses of the respiratory organs aggravates slight or chronic diseases of the nose, throat and lungs. Patients are advised to vacate apartments having dark or ill ventilated kitchens and to keep all babies and ailing children out of the kitchen when cooking is going on.

It Reminded Him.
 Before the night session began, the senate had adjourned, says Kate Foote, and several senators were getting their hats in the cloak-room. Mr. Stewart among them, when one of his fellow senators said: "Stewart, you remind me of a clergyman." Mr. Stewart naturally stared, then laughed and said: "How pray?" "Yes, you are like a certain minister who was telling a friend that he had preached two hours and a half. 'Were you not tired,' said the friend, sympathetically. 'No, no, I was as fresh as a rose; but you should have seen the congregation.'"

Expected Him.
 Young Yardie—I understand that there is a vacancy in your establishment, sir, and I have come to apply for the position.
 Senior Partner, dryly—I have been expecting you.
 "Expecting me?"
 "Yes, I heard you ask one of the clerks if it was true that our Saturday half-holidays were to be continued a month longer."

This Boy a Philosopher.
 Tommy—Are you going to whip me, mamma?
 Mamma—Yes, I am, Tommy.
 Tommy—You said the other day that whipping never did me any good, didn't you?
 Mamma—I believe I did.
 Tommy—Then what's the use of whipping me again?—New Orleans Picayune.

CAT'S CRUELTY REBUKED.
 This Tiny Kitten Found a Foster Parent in a Collie Mother.

Kitty, a handsome black collic, and Smut, a tiny kitten, both the property of George H. Widemeyer, of New York, are at present objects of interest to the neighborhood. Smut's mamma, for some unexplained reason, has disowned her offspring. Four little feline brothers and sisters are receiving proper maternal care, but Smut has been expelled from the old rug which serves as the family home. The poor little thing wandered around aimlessly and uselessly, plaintively mewling its appeals for food and shelter. An attempt to re-enter the family nest resulted in a castigation, administered by the heartless mother. Smut's poor little nose was scratched.

This case of maternal cruelty was witnessed by Kitty from her perch under the table. As Smut was fleeing precipitately from the harsh treatment, Kitty rose and intercepted the little outcast. There was what seemed to be a tender of sympathy and assistance and an offer of adoption. When Professor Garner has solved the mysteries of the language of Simians he may turn his attention to canines and felines. In the meantime we must assume that tail-wagging has a vocabulary. Smut evidently needed no interpreter. The offer was understood and accepted. The kitten took possession of a corner of Kitty's couch, and stilled hunger and slaked thirst from Kitty's stock of provisions. While this was going on Kitty stood watch, casting scornful glances at Smut's mamma, whose heartless indifference was absolute.

The affection between Smut and Kitty is growing daily. They play and romp together, but Kitty keeps a watchful eye, for experience has taught her that the world is wicked. Smut was stolen and was absent for a few days. Kitty wandered around discontentedly night and day, searching for her foster-child. She examined every nook and corner, and her glances at the old cat indicated plainly that she had her suspicions. The kitten came back, however, and her adventures she told her adopted parent with glad some mew. Kitty was overjoyed at Smut's return.

Museum proprietors have made big offers to Mr. Widemeyer, but he will not part with his two pets, who are proving that a cat-and-dog life may be one of sweet harmony.

The Nilometer.
 During the time of the periodical inundation of the valley of the Nile, a queer recording instrument known as the "nilometer," is hourly and daily consulted by a sluggish Egyptian officer, who, to judge from his motions and actions, cares but very little if the river keeps its bed or overflows the whole northern half of the African continent. But as it is the only labor he is forced to perform, and his bread and cheese usually depend upon proper execution of the duties assigned, the record is taken with scrupulous accuracy. This queer and ancient "thermometer of the Nile" (it dates back to 845 A. D.), is situated at the end of the island of Rhoda. It is simply an immense upright octagonal pillar standing in a well-like chamber, surrounded on four sides with strong walls provided with arched openings which allow the rising waters free access to the nilometer. The recording pillar is covered throughout its length and on all of its eight sides with cubits and digits nicely divided, painted with great precision, much resembling sections of a gigantic checkerboard. There is a huge staircase leading from above down to the bottom of the cistern in which the nilometer stands, the well-worn steps attesting to the immense number of times the instrument has been consulted.

The Object Partly Attained.
 Kiljordan, giving it a vigorous kick—Boy, this is the third morning I've seen that old rubber boot lying on the sidewalk at this corner. What is your idea in keeping it there, anyway?
 Bootblack—I ain't got nuttin' to do with it. The feller that runs this grocery store is keepin' tab on that boot. He says he's goin' to find out how many darn fools kicks it in one week.

Hard Times.
 "Madam, I—I must apologize. My—my seven children, and—it's hard times, you know—and—"
 "Poor fellow! Here's a trifle for you. And now tell me how old are the poor little dears."
 "Thank ye, mum! Well, Bill he's 32, 'n Mary's 27 and married. The other five's dead, mum. 'N Bill 'n Mary says I'm too lazy to live, mum; they're very ungrateful. Thank ye, again, mum."

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WASTE ABOARD BIG SHIPS.
 Forks, Knives, Dishes, Tableware and Linen Sent Overboard.

A man came over on the big Cunarder Campana's last trip, who, being of an inquiring turn of mind, used his eyes and ears to good advantage all the way, and he expressed to a reporter the most unqualified amazement at the constant wholesale waste of valuable material.

"I don't think so much of the stewards' selling saloon fare to the steerage," he said, "because the food would be thrown overboard, anyway, and the stewards or 'funkies,' as the seamen call them, may well make something off it if they can. Their pay is small, so the transaction results in substantial benefit for them. A great many persons come over in the steerage because they don't care what their accommodations are so long as they get good food, and they are pretty sure of being able to buy that from the stewards. Of course it isn't the square thing to do, but what I wondered the most at was the utter disregard for the ship's outfit.

"For instance, a steward would take down the steerage a dozen dishes and plates of choice food, in a large bucket, carefully covered, so the contents would not be seen. Of course the bucket contained silver forks, spoons, knives, and very often silver vegetable and desert dishes and individual chocolate and coffee pots. When the food was eaten the china and silver went back to the bucket and the whole business was quietly dropped into the refuse chute and down into the sea! I've seen as many as ten buckets taken down by the same number of stewards three or four times a day throughout a trip, and in every case the crockery, silverware and bucket went overboard. You may take my word for it, that anything a steward carries below never gets back to its proper quarters again—not only because of the risk of detection, but because of the trouble.

"I doubt, though, if the risk is very great, for some of the officers are themselves exceedingly careless and destructive. I have seen large, brand-new, handsome blankets taken into an officers' room for him to use as a rug while taking a bath. When he finished the blankets were rolled up and quietly dropped down the chute, and that happened a number of times during the voyage, too. No, I can't suggest a remedy, and the company wouldn't extend me a vote of thanks if I could; but it seems to me it would pay to have those things looked into a little, and a responsible man placed in direct charge of affairs.

"A steward's pay is very small, ranging from \$5 to \$30 a month, but never exceeding the latter sum. In many cases they get no pay at all, but, instead, not only work without a stipend, but pay the company for the privilege of serving it."

A Cure for Rattlesnake Bite.
 A cure of rattlesnake bite by the chicken remedy is reported from Madison county, Georgia, and the incident has recalled other like cures in that region in times past. The remedy is to kill a chicken and apply the flesh as quickly as possible to the wound; the poison, it is assumed, is absorbed by the chicken flesh. The patient in this instance was badly bitten, but suffered little inconvenience and was soon quite well. There is a belief in Georgia that if the snake inflicting the wound is caught and killed and its flesh similarly applied a cure will surely result.

A Roman Catholic Procession.
 The Roman Catholics of England hold an annual religious procession in London when a statue of the Madonna is borne through the streets in a sedan chair carried by girls veiled and dressed in white, with a band of white-robed children leading and a guard of men with staves following. The different religious orders with banners and bands of music make up the imposing procession. Hymns are sung by the priests and altar boys, the subject of them being the prayer that England may be reclaimed to the Roman church.

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